

YESS - PEOPLE LAUGH AT IT BUT YOU
DON'T LAUGH AT IT BECOSS YOU THINK
THEY ARE LAUGHING AT SOMEDINGS ELSE.
SOMETIMES YOU LOSE IT, YET YOU VILL
AF IT VEN YOU DIE. IF YOU HAT
TWO OF DEM YOU WOULD BE
UNHAPPY, YET IT WOULD
DOUBLE YOUR INCOME.



PAT MEANT WELL

An Irishman made his way to a county jail and asked to be allowed to see the governor. On being ushered into that functionary's presence he begged for the favor of an interview with a prisoner who was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law in the course of the morning.

"No, my man," said the governor, on being appealed to, "you cannot see the prisoner. He is to be executed in half an hour's time and it is not allowed for visitors to see a prisoner on the day of execution. But what might be your business with him?"

"Shure, sorr," answered Pat, "it's his birthday and I was after wishing him many happy returns av the day."

"His friends all advised Jack to go on the stage," said an unsuccessful tragedian's father. "Yes; quite so. His friends egged him on, and the audience egged him off!"

SURPRISED THE MANAGER

"An increase of salary!" exclaimed the pompous manager of a small omnibus company to a clerk who had just made that request. "I am afraid, sir, that you are too extravagant!"

He toyed with his heavy watch-chain and looked severely at the young man, who returned his stare boldly. It was the set phrase on such occasions and the applicant had heard it all before. He meant to have his rise or—go somewhere else.

"Excuse me, sir," he replied respectfully, "I haven't any chance to be extravagant on what I earn."

"Young man," continued the pompous gentleman, "I have risen from the ranks. How? By being careful. When I was young I made money by saving fares."

"Ah, that was in the old days," said the young man, with a knowing wink. "But with the present system of inspection, you would find you couldn't save a nickle without being collared, however careful you were."

The manager nearly fainted, and the young man had to look for other employment.

THE REWARDS OF ART

No wonder he felt proud. After all, he was quite a young artist; and there it was—there could be no doubt about it—his picture, his great picture, was hanging in the Academy. What's more, two people stood motionless in front of it, gazing at the canvas in rapt attention, while the artist stood afar, gazing at them.

Then, "I say, Charlie," he asked his friend, "do saunter carelessly by and find out what they are saying about my picture. Perhaps they want to buy it."

Forthwith Charlie set out to do a careless saunter. Presently—to the expectant artist the wait seemed an eternity—he returned to his friend.

"No business doing," he sighed. "She's only blowing him up for leaving off his winter flannels too soon."